

# Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."— *Couper.*

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No. 9.

## Animal Happiness.

"The heart is hard in nature, and unfit  
For human fellowship, as being void  
Of sympathy, and therefore dead alike  
To love and friendship both, that is not pleased  
With sight of animals enjoying life,  
Nor feels their happiness augment his own.  
The bounding fawn that darts along the glade  
When none pursues, through mere delight of heart,  
And spirits buoyant with excess of glee;  
The horse as wanton, and almost as fleet,  
That skips the spacious meadow at full speed,  
Then stops, and snorts, and throwing high his heels,  
Starts to the voluntary race again;  
The very kine that gambol at high noon,  
The total herd receiving first from one  
That leads the dance a summons to be gay,  
Though wild their strange vagaries, and uncouth  
Their efforts, yet resolved with one consent  
To give such act and utterance as they may  
To ecstasy too big to be suppressed—  
These and a thousand images of bliss,  
With which kind Nature graces every scene,  
Where cruel man defeats not her design.  
Impart to the benevolent, who wish  
All that are capable of pleasure pleased,  
A far superior happiness to theirs,  
The comfort of a reasonable joy "

*Couper.*

## The Paradise of Birds.

Color and form may be conveyed by words,  
But words are weak to tell the heavenly strains  
That from the throats of these celestial birds  
Rang through the woods and o'er the echoing plains;  
There was the Meadow-lark with voice as sweet,  
But robed in richer raiment than our own;  
And as the moon smiled on his green retreat,  
The painted nightingale sang out alone.

Words cannot echo music's wing'd note,  
One bird alone exhausts their utmost power;  
'Tis that strange bird, whose many voiced throat  
Mocks all his brethren of the woodlawn bower,  
To whom, indeed, the gift of tongues is given,  
The musical, rich tongues that fill the grove;  
Now like the lark, dropping his notes from heaven,  
Now cooing the soft notes of the dove.

Of have I seen him, scorning all control,  
Winging his arrowy flight, rapid and strong,

As if in search of his evanished soul,  
Lost in the gushing ecstasy of song;  
And as I wandered on and upward gazed,  
Half lost in admiration, half in fear,  
I left the brothers wondering and amazed,  
Thinking that all the choir of Heaven was near.

*Dennis Florence McCarthy.*

THE FORMATION OF VEGETABLE MOULD THROUGH THE  
ACTION OF WORMS, WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THEIR  
HABITS, BY CHARLES DARWIN, LL.D., F.R.S.—Ap-  
pleton & Co. 326 p.

This is the last work of the great naturalist,  
Darwin. The title tells its subject, but it gives lit-  
tle idea of the patient, persistent, and successful  
observations of its writer in one of the humblest  
of fields. Its first and second chapters treat of  
the habits of worms; followed by others on the  
amount of fine earth brought up by worms to the  
surface; the part worms have played in the  
burial of ancient buildings, and on the denudation  
of the land.

These observations add another proof of the  
vast results from small agencies. Darwin found  
intelligence which he cannot account for on the  
theory of instinct, if by that is meant transmitted  
knowledge. We give a few extracts from the  
book that our readers may see the drift of the  
evidence, and be led to observe for themselves  
where observations can be made. They may see,  
also, co-workers with man in subduing the earth,  
hitherto unrecognized because unknown.

"Earth-worms are found in all parts of the  
world, and some of the genera have an enormous  
range. They inhabit the most isolated islands;  
they abound in Iceland, and are known to exist in  
the West Indies, St. Helena, Madagascar, New  
Caledonia, and Tahiti. In the Antarctic region,  
worms from Kerguelen Land have been described  
by Ray Lankester; and I found them in the Falk-  
land Islands. How they reach such isolated is-  
lands is at present quite unknown."

"There is sufficient evidence that small objects  
left on the surface of the land where worms  
abound soon get buried, and that large stones  
sink slowly downwards through the same means.  
Every step of the process could be followed, from  
the accidental deposition of a single casting on a  
small object lying loose on the surface, to its be-  
ing entangled amidst the matted roots of the  
grass, and lastly to its being embedded in the

mould at various depths beneath the surface.  
When the same field was re-examined after the  
interval of a few years, such objects were found  
at a greater depth than before."

"Hensen, who has published so full and inter-  
esting an account of the habits of worms, calcu-  
lates, from the number which he found in a meas-  
ured space, that there must exist 133,000 living  
worms in a hectare of land, or 53 767 in an acre.  
This latter number of worms would weigh three  
hundred and fifty-six pounds, taking Hensen's  
standard of the weight of a single worm, namely,  
one gram. It should, however, be noted that this  
calculation is founded on the numbers found in a  
garden, and Hensen believes that worms are here  
twice as numerous as in corn-fields.

"The above result, astonishing though it be,  
seems to me credible, judging from the number of  
worms which I have sometimes seen, and from  
the number daily destroyed by birds without the  
species being exterminated."

"Nor must we overlook other agencies which  
in all ordinary cases add to the amount of mould,  
and which would not be included in the castings  
that were collected, namely, the fine earth brought  
up to the surface by burrowing larvæ and insects,  
especially by ants. The earth brought up by  
moles generally has a somewhat different appear-  
ance from vegetable mould; but after a time  
would not be distinguishable from it. In dry  
countries, moreover, the wind plays an important  
part in carrying dust from one place to another,  
and even in England it must add to the mould on  
fields near great roads. But in our country these  
latter several agencies appear to be of quite sub-  
ordinate importance in comparison with the action  
of worms. We have no means of judging how  
great a weight of earth a single full-sized worm  
ejects during a year. How many worms live in  
old pasture land is unknown; but if we assume  
that half as many as in gardens, or 26,886 worms  
live on such land per acre, then taking from the  
previous summary fifteen tons as the weight of  
the castings annually thrown up on an acre of  
land, each worm must annually eject twenty  
ounces. A full-sized casting at the mouth of a  
single burrow often exceeds, as we have seen, an  
ounce in weight; and it is probable that worms  
eject more than twenty full-sized castings during  
a year. If they eject annually more than twenty  
ounces, we may infer that the worms which live  
in an acre of pasture land must be less than  
26,886 in number.

"Worms live chiefly in the superficial mould, which is usually from four or five to ten and even twelve inches in thickness, and it is this mould which passes over and again through their bodies and is brought to the surface. But worms occasionally burrow into the sub-soil to a much greater depth, and on such occasions they bring up earth from this greater depth, and this process has gone on for countless ages. Therefore the superficial layer of mould would ultimately attain, though at a slower rate, a thickness equal to the depth to which worms ever burrow, were there not other opposing agencies at work which carry away to a lower level some of the finest earth which is continually being brought to the surface by worms. How great a thickness vegetable mould ever attains I have not had good opportunities for observing, but when we consider the burial of ancient buildings, some facts will be given on this head."

"Finally, no one who considers the facts on the burying of small objects and on the sinking of great stones left on the surface—on the vast number of worms which live within a moderate extent of ground—on the weight of the castings ejected from the mouth of the same burrow—on the weight of all the castings ejected within a known time on a measured space—will hereafter, as I believe, doubt that worms play an important part in nature."

"When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse, we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. It is a marvellous reflection that the whole of the superficial mould over any such expanse has passed, and will again pass, every few years through the bodies of worms. The plough is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was, in fact, regularly ploughed, and still continues to be thus plowed by earth-worms. It may be doubted whether there are many other animals which have played so important a part in the history of the world as have these lowly organized creatures. Some other animals, however, still more lowly organized, namely, corals, have done far more conspicuous work in having constructed innumerable reefs and islands in the great oceans; but these are almost confined to the tropical zones."

#### The Worm Turns.

I've despised you, old worm, for I think you'll admit  
That you never were beautiful even in youth;  
I've impaled you on hooks, and not felt it a bit;  
But all's changed now that Darwin has told us the truth  
Of your diligent life, and endowed you with fame:  
You begin to inspire me with kindly regard.  
I have friends of my own, clever worm, I could name,  
Who have ne'er in their lives been at work half so hard.

It appears that we owe you our acres of soil,  
That the garden could never exist without you,  
That from ages gone by you were patient in toil,  
Till a Darwin revealed all the good that you do.  
Now you've turned with a vengeance, and all must confess  
Your behavior should make poor humanity squirm;  
For there's many a man on this planet, I guess,  
Who is not half so useful as you, Mister Worm!

Punch.

#### Vivisection: Its Pains and Its Uses.

The above is the title of an article in the "Nineteenth Century" for December last. The article is in three parts, the writers of which were, severally, Sir James Paget, Bart., Professor Owen, F.R.S., and Dr. Wilkes, F.R.S. We copy the titles of each as they are found in the magazine.

As the American edition of this periodical can be had for twenty cents, and of nearly all periodical dealers, we advise our readers who are interested in the painful subject to get a copy and read it. No synopsis and no selections would be recognized as sufficiently full and impartial by the writers and their friends. It should, also, be remembered that it is the excellent habit of the

"Nineteenth Century," as also of some other publications, to print articles on both sides of every important public question. Quite frequently they appear in the same number. As that is not the fact in this instance, we may expect replies in future numbers, and these, too, should of course, be read.

We remark, only, that writers of such eminence in their profession as Paget, Owen, and Wilkes ought to be above the petty assumption that all the reasonable people are on one side of the question, and only sentimentalists, whatever that may mean, are on the other. They must know that men of the medical profession as eminent as themselves, and men of science of some reputation, have come to quite other conclusions. The least partisan of the three writers is Dr. Paget, and our extracts will be from his article.

"It seems fair to demand that those who inflict pain or other distress on animals, for the purpose of acquiring knowledge, should be judged by the same rules as those who, for any other purposes, do the same."

"Among such practices are the painful restraint and training of our horses and other domestic animals, the caging of birds for the sake of their beauty or their song; the imprisonment of animals of all kinds in zoological gardens and aquaria for study or for amusement. In all these instances animals are compelled or restrained from the happiness of natural life; they have to endure what might be inflicted as severe punishment on criminals—slavery or imprisonment for life. But the inflictions are justified by the utility which men derive from them."

"In another large group of painful customs generally encouraged are those inflicting death and often great suffering on birds and beasts for obtaining ornamental fur or feathers; the mutilation of sheep and oxen for the sake of their better or quicker fattening; the multiplication of pains and deaths in the killing of small birds and small fish, such as larks, quails, whitebait, and the like; although, as far as mere sustenance of life is concerned, any weight of food in one large fish or one large bird would serve as well as an equal weight in a hundred small ones. Still, the pleasure of delicious food, or of beautiful decoration, or, in some instances, the utility of better nutriment, seems sufficient to a vast majority of civilized men and women to justify these customs."

"Of course the pains given in experiments on animals, not under an anæsthetic, are as various as were those which before 1846 were given in surgical operations. But, for the worst, I think it probable that the pain inflicted in such experiments as I saw done by Magendie was greater than that caused by any generally permitted sport; it was as bad as that which I saw given to horses in a bull-fight, or which I suppose to have been given in dog-fighting or bear-baiting. I never saw anything in his or any other experiments more horrible than is shown in many of Snyder's bear-hunts, or in Landseer's "Death of the Otter."

"Probably, a thoroughly heartless vivisector, if one could be found, might inflict in a day more pain than a heartless sportsman; but in the ordinary practice of experiments on animals it is not possible that a vivisector should in a day or a month cause nearly so much pain as would, in the same time, be caused by an active sportsman shooting among abundant game, or a fly-fisherman in a well-stocked stream, or as a man successfully hunting seals or ermines, or poisoning rats."

"But I would rather not argue that man's pleasure can ever be reason enough for his giving pain. It seems impossible to define even nearly the "when," or the how much pain for how much pleasure. But, if any will hold the contrary, and that in the pursuit of pleasure pain may be inflicted, even without considerations of probable utility, then it may certainly be maintained that there are no pleasures more intense than the pur-

suit of new knowledge, nor any for which, if for any, greater pain might be given."

"Speaking generally, it is certain that there are few portions of useful medical knowledge to which experiments on animals have not contributed."

"To different parts of knowledge they have contributed very different proportions; and it is often difficult to assign to them their just proportion. They have never been the sole means of study. Chemists, physicists, practitioners, all have worked as well as physiologists; and the work of each has guided and strengthened that of others. The whole value of experiments on animals, therefore, cannot be estimated by a few examples; it may be made evident in them, and they may indicate how it stands alone in the utility of saving life; but no one can measure it who is not able to analyze the whole progress of medical knowledge during at least the last century."

"A clear instance of its utility may be found in the tying of arteries, whether for the cure of aneurism or for the stopping of bleeding. Before Hunter's time—that is, about a hundred years ago—it is nearly certain that ninety-five out of a hundred persons who had aneurism of the principal artery of a lower limb died of it: a few more may have been saved by amputation above the knee, but at that time about half the patients who submitted to that operation died. At the present time, it is as certain that of a hundred persons with the same disease less than ten die. At that time all patients with aneurisms of arteries between the thigh and spine or in the neck or arm-pit, died, unless by some strange course of the disease one or two in a hundred went on living. Now, among all such patients, from fifty to seventy in every hundred are saved by operations."

"In this, as in every case, all methods of study have been used: careful watching of the patients, examinations of the dead, published records of failures as well as of successes, experiments on animals; and it is not possible to assign exactly to each of these its share in the good result; but no one who can fairly judge after many years active practice of surgery will doubt, I think, that at least one-fifth may be assigned as the share due to experiments on animals—say, at least, one hundred lives a year in this one department of surgery."

"But it may be said. Would not all this useful knowledge have been gained by the other methods of study, without the experiments; less quickly, perhaps, but not less surely? And now will not scientific progress be as sure, though not so speedy, without as with them? Possibly, yes; most probably, no. But suppose it were so, what should we say to those who suffer by the delay? At the present time 20,000 persons are annually killed by venomous snakes in India. If the discovery of a remedy without experiments on animals would come later by, say, five years, than one made with their help, would it be nothing to have lost 100,000 lives?"

"It is in reflection on cases in which lives are lost or health is impaired for want of knowledge which seems to be within reach of experimental study, that medical men of science feel justly impatient of the restraints put upon these researches. They know that such knowledge as they want has often been gained by experiments on animals; they know that the experiments made in this country are, both severally and in their total, far less pain-giving and far more useful than are either the shooting, hunting, or fishing practised by many, and encouraged by nearly all, of the best people in the land; they see all round them mere luxuries of dress and furniture, gathered at immense cost of pain and misery, and perhaps only a little more useful than might be obtained from animals killed for necessary food; and yet they find themselves selected for legislative restraint and still exposed to public and private charges of vile cruelty, abused in sensational meetings, and as much as possible hindered in the studies which even legislation would permit."



*Doings of Kindred Societies.*

[From Appendix of Fifth Report of American Humane Association.]

**BANGOR (ME.) SOCIETY** was formed in April, 1869. As the Society's purpose and aims came to be better understood by the owners and drivers of teams and animals of all descriptions, and they found that we not only regarded the welfare of the animals but the true interests of the owner, most of the opposition ceased, and our enemies at once became friends, and we were able to work wonderful results, not only in our city but throughout the eastern part of the State.

Cattle, horses, sheep, calves, and fowls, and other animals, are better housed, better fed, have better working gear, lighter loads; animals are better shod, and not worked lame or galled; cords are cut from the legs of calves, sheep, and fowls; less whipping, kicking, stoning, etc.; and, in fact, men, women, and children are learning, in the church and schools, and in all the business of life, that cruelty is a sin and a crime; and our Society is calling attention to and exposing some terrible acts of cruelty to children, against which we have as yet no direct statute.

We still hope to be represented at the Boston meeting, but, if not, please assure all organizations that we are in full sympathy in their work and wish them large success, and that we are often under obligation to them for papers and reports; but, for want of funds, we are unable to send printed reports in return.

All of which is respectfully submitted in behalf of the Society. O. H. INGALLS, Secretary.

**MICHIGAN SOCIETY**—Mr. James Forsyth, its Secretary, reports that the Society was formed about four years ago. After the first year "it was allowed to fall into abeyance;" but last May it was revived, and it has since been doing its needed work. "Am satisfied there has been progress."

The acts which used to be quite common, such as tying the legs of calves, sheep, and fowls, we are nearly free from; overcrowding coops is now greatly abated; and the cruel practice of sending cows to market with a great overflow of milk, for the purpose of distending their udders, is gradually being done away with.

We wish you every success in your meetings.

**THE ROCHESTER (N. Y.) HUMANE SOCIETY**—Held its annual meeting Jan. 5, 1882, and elected the following officers:—

President—David Copeland.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. J. L. Angle, Mrs. Joseph Curtis.

Corresponding Secretary—Miss E. P. Hall.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. J. W. Stebbins.

Treasurer—Henry S. Hanford.

Counsel—J. W. Stebbins.

An excellent report was read by the Recording Secretary. Mrs. Stebbins well says:

"Your committee would be pleased to report at least a steady progress toward its greatest usefulness. This might and ought to be true in this city of good works. The fault is not with those who are actively interested, and who prefer to concentrate effort on one branch of the work, that at least what is done shall be well done. It lies in the apathy of that large number who sympathize with the society, recognize its necessity and the true value of its aims, and yet will not exercise the self-denial necessary to make them active and effectual workers."

The Rochester society recognizes the importance of teaching humane lessons in the schools; it draws attention to the necessity of an Abattoir in every large community; rejoices in what it has done for the canal horses, and expresses its sympathy in the anti-vivisection movement.

The society investigated 75 cases of cruelty, and

expended about four hundred dollars. It had 32 complaints of cruelty to children.

There are few societies show more conspicuously the power of a few thoroughly devoted members than that at Rochester. All honor to them!

[For Our Dumb Animals.]

*Cruelty in the Country.*

One may find rest from the crimes of men, may so place themselves as to come in contact with no squalor, no sight of poor outcast children or worn and half-famished women, but where can one go and not feel the heart pained and wounded by the cruelty of men to dumb creatures? In cities the well-informed, and the classes of superior education, know something of the great and noble efforts made to protect those creatures who cannot speak, and thousands in all countries are interested to do all that lies in their power to ameliorate their condition, but in the country it is a matter of ridicule and coarse jest, and strong must one be in sympathy and pity to endure the rude laughter and cutting words of those men, who look upon dumb creatures as below our tender care and love.

When one flies from the city to find repose of soul, a little season of rest from the accumulation of painful knowledge; surrounded by nature, so full of harmonious sights and sounds, how keenly one realizes that it is man who mars the work of God.

Yesterday, climbing the long hill which rises behind our pretty country home, appeared two worn, thin horses, whose ribs could easily be counted, and the *why* was revealed by the ponderous machine of iron wheels and massive beams which they dragged wearily and hopelessly behind them. Occasionally they were allowed to stop, but when urged to start again, when every muscle was stretched to its utmost tension, the whole body racked out of shape, one was led to doubt even the kindness of a pause in the fearful task.

Long the vision lingered of the anguish and the pain, nor could the glowing sunset which spread its glories in the West banish from our memory these two patient, helpless slaves of man. To-day we are invited to go to a neighboring farmer's and see the oats threshed out by this very machine. There these same poor thin creatures stood upon the rollers, slips of wood upon a leather band revolving over a ponderous wheel of an upward inclination. Never in any human face have I seen such a touching look of appeal, such sad eyes, such a weary, hopeless look of pain and weariness. A terrible task, the constant upward walk, with never a hope of change, and the poor knee bleeding, often hitting the rough board in front. I hastened to ask that a pad might be placed upon the board to soften each cruel blow, but as soon as my back was turned I was greeted by a coarse laugh from the little coterie of men.

Hastening home I prepared myself with a number of your valuable papers, and returned to distribute them in order that these men might be awakened to the fact of a reformation in this direction, but I only met with fresh ridicule and boisterous laughter. But that cause is not worth adopting as our own for which we are not willing to suffer, and although to a woman of refinement the rudeness of men must ever cause a holy indignation, yet gladly would I suffer like insults from thousands if thereby I could make the life of one of God's poor despised creatures easier and happier. Speaking in public and private upon this topic I realize daily that the work is but in its early infancy, and that there is great need of information upon the subject, especially in rural districts. New Hampshire is beautiful, its hills and mountains charm the eye and uplift the soul, but its sons and daughters need be taught a deeper tenderness of heart, a more divine and noble pity for those defenceless creatures, created not alone for his use, but also for their own happiness and enjoyment of life.

ENFIELD, N. H.

M. M.

To the Editor of Our Dumb Animals:

DEAR SIR,—In the excellent article by "C. A. C." in your last issue,—on the question of how far the horse power of our street railways is wasted or is made to tell,—two features are omitted. They are, 1st: *Where* should the power be applied? 2nd: *How* should the weight be hung? These are fundamental considerations, and the answer to these questions is not far to seek.

The principles of mechanics demand, 1st: that the power should be applied in the line of the best support, and 2nd: that the support should be so adjusted as to help in the carrying, and leave the least possible dead weight.

Now in our horse-car arrangements both these requirements are made of little moment. The power operates in a line *between* the wheels, instead of being applied in a line *with* the wheels—which is "the line of the best support"—and the wheel trucks, which form the support of the vehicle, are placed within the central third of the car, leaving the ends dead weight.

Even when the car is empty the ends are dead weight, and, as these are the constantly overloaded portions, the evils of this mistake in construction are increased ten-fold.

The railway companies excuse these obvious violations of the laws of traction by saying, that the narrowness of our streets do not admit of their harnessing their horses more advantageously, and the many curves they must make require that the trucks be near one another. It is undoubtedly, however, within the ability of our inventive people to obviate the latter difficulty.

It would appear that the railway companies have happily blundered on some suspicion of the first of these principles, for every one may observe for himself that, now the extra horse for up-hill work is hitched *opposite one of the wheels*, his power tells for more than twice as much as when he was fastened, as formerly, in front of the pole.

In the same way (would that our coal dealers would act on it), two horses harnessed abreast can do easily the work that a tandem team of three must labor heavily to accomplish. We find then that our car horses are called on to pull the dead weight at the ends of the car entirely unaided by the carrying power of the wheel-trucks. They must make severe efforts to start this dead weight, and the waste of power is very great over and above what would be necessary were the laws of mechanics and traction followed.

All this is therefore but one reason the more that all whose hearts are stirred by kindly thoughts about dumb animals, should give it the direction of thinking for dumb animals. It does not seem, on consideration, a great thing to do to wait three minutes longer for the almost empty car which nearly always succeeds the full one—nor to get off two doors this side of one's destination, if some one else chances to stop the car at that point. I repeat: to us they are small things, but I am mistaken if the aggregate of these small things does not make a very sizable mountain to the poor horses in the course of the day. It is withal very encouraging to see what strides the horse railway companies have taken, even in ten years time, in thoughtfulness for their animals, and pleasant also to believe that they have found a reward in dollars and cents, as well as in a better currency. They will undoubtedly be further inspired to improve the condition of those who serve them and us so well, if they find the public expect it, and are ready to practice the consideration which humanity requires.

L.

THE bishop of Nebraska, Dr. Clarkson, has been making efforts to secure proper transportation for cattle from the West to the Atlantic seaboard. He insists that the cattle shall be humanely shipped, and sufficiently cared for on the way, in order that the people of the East may have good roast beef to eat. This is a sort of Episcopal oversight that touches a man's stomach, and is certain to be appreciated.—*Boston Herald.*

## Our Dumb Animals.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1882.

## Our February Paper.

The illustration of Foxhounds is the picture this month, engraved for us by Mr. Kilburn.

The anecdotes from Jesse of the Foxhound should not be passed by, especially his contemptuous remarks about bag-foxes, in which he speaks the feelings of all true fox-hunters.

The quotations from Darwin's book on "Earthworms" will be to many readers new and very strange. If the statements rested upon the word of a less accurate observer than Mr. Darwin, or had they been made before our time, during which the students of natural history have made such great discoveries, incredulity in regard to them would have been general. Of course they are not given as conclusive, but they are sufficiently suggestive as far as they go.

The article on vivisection by one of its defenders, should have an attentive reading. It will certainly be followed in some quarter by a reply, and, probably, in the same periodical. We are all more concerned in knowing the truth as far as the truth can be known, than in supporting any theory. But the fact of cruelties in one direction or in many, or the fact of personal inconsistencies in the advocates of a humane work, do not touch the questions in issue.

The particulars of our local work of circulating the card of "Waiting for Master," should encourage friends elsewhere.

It will be seen that the "Supreme Court Fund" is sure to become a fact, if it is not one already.

Our thanks continue due to many friends, and are gratefully given, for their help in the selection of touching and instructive facts which bear upon our cause.

A sketch of the noble life of Mrs. Darrah, with a reference to her touching and splendid gift to our Society, will command the attention of all readers.

An article signed L., on street railways and on the best way of adjusting the drawing arrangements of the cars upon them, is a welcome contribution to the discussion.

WINTER is here at last, with its severe cold and boisterous winds. All know how necessary for human well-being are well-built houses, duly prepared fuel and warm clothing. Give serious thought also to the necessities of animals dependent upon you, and guard them, also, from the season's severity as their several natures may require.

"That mercy I to others show  
That mercy show to me!"

## An Unexpected Arrest and Conviction.

Our readers may recall the fact that we published in our December issue the order of the Police Commissioners fining a patrolman ten days' pay for refusing to take steps to bring to justice, upon the request of a citizen, a teamster who was abusing his horse.

It will interest our readers to know that our Agents subsequently found and prosecuted the teamster referred to, and that he was convicted and fined ten dollars and costs, before paying which, however, he spent some three weeks in jail.

## Directors' Meeting.

The meeting of the directors of the Mass Soc. P. C. A., for January was held on the 18th, at 11 A. M., in the rooms of the Society, 96 Tremont Street, Boston.

Present, Mrs. Appleton, Miss Wigglesworth, Mrs. Iasigi, Mrs. Lowell, Mrs. Sears, Miss Lyman, and Misses Mary and Alice Russell, and Messrs Angell, Appleton, Heywood Sawyer, Geo. Noyes, and Firth.

President Angell in the chair.

The Secretary read the record of the last meeting, and the cash account for December, both of which were approved.

The Secretary reported that the late Mrs. R. K. Darrah had left to our Society many pictures, the sale of which by her husband she desired should be made for its benefit. Mr. D. expects the gift will net to the Society five thousand dollars.

Notes expressive of the profound appreciation by the Society of this tender and most generous remembrance were passed, of which a copy is to be sent to Mr. Darrah.

On motion of Mr. Appleton it was—

*Voted*, That a committee of three be appointed to confer with Mr. Darrah in regard to the pictures; and also to report their judgment upon a purchase being made by the Society for the adornment of its room.

Messrs. Appleton and Firth were appointed, with power to add one to their number.

The Secretary reported upon Mrs. Ripley's estate, of which Mr. Angell and himself are executors. He said that there was not sufficient property not given away by her will to meet the incidental expenses of its settlement, although no charge for services will be made by the executors. Considering the generosity of Mrs. R. to our cause in her will and while she lived, and that the other legatees are not rich, he thought the Society ought to meet the deficiency. This amount cannot yet be known, but will not exceed three hundred dollars, he thought. It was then voted unanimously—That the Society will meet said deficiency.

The Secretary reported a plan which had been proposed by a life member of a new certificate for such members. It was voted to refer the question, with power, to a committee of Messrs. Firth, N. Appleton, and Mrs. Appleton.

The Secretary reported gifts of \$250 by Miss Wigglesworth, \$100 by Mr. Harold Whiting, which had been paid to the Treasurer.

Mr. Appleton reported that the plan of a Dog Shelter at Winthrop was given up because the law requires it to be in Boston. Inquiries are being made for a new location and it is hoped that a satisfactory one will yet be found.

Mr. Appleton offered a vote, That the Society appropriate twenty-five dollars a month for the humane education of the young. And it was adopted.

It was, also—

*Voted*, That a committee of five be appointed by the President on humane education, it being understood that the President be its chairman. Subsequently, the committee was made up as follows: Mr. Angell, Mrs. Appleton, Miss Wigglesworth, and Messrs. N. Appleton, and A. Firth.

Mr. Angell reported a movement to prepare

books for schools in which Christians and Jews were working in harmony to help on "moral, humane and unsectarian education," and in which he had much confidence.

Capt. Currier gave an account of recent cases which our agents have been dealing with, and the amount of shipments of live-stock by ocean steamships. The tables showed a loss of about twenty-five per cent. during the winter months, so far.

The meeting, at about 12.30, adjourned.

## The Supreme Court Fund.

We have great pleasure in stating that a third subscription of five hundred dollars has been made to the fund to enable the American Humane Association to carry up a case to the Supreme Court under the national law against cruelty to animals. Two of these subscriptions have been already paid, so the existence of a fund is an accomplished fact. A lady in New York City, from her widow's mite, has sent the very welcome contribution, also, of one dollar.

The formal appeal has been kept back to hear from certain interested persons; but our friends need not be surprised if it shall soon reach them. In the meantime, each person interested is cordially invited to send word to A. Firth, Boston, of the amount he or she will be glad to contribute to the fund.

*The Societies for P. C. A. in London and New York* Own the buildings in which they have their offices. We hope that other societies, in other centres of population, may be equally fortunate. Until they are so, their friends cannot fairly consider them permanently established. Until then, of course, no society can have a fixed location, nor be free from heavy calls upon its resources in the form of rents. With such a building it may hope to have, also, a sure income from letting such rooms as it may be able to spare.

By securing a home a Society proclaims unmistakably that it is there to stay. There, not only for the generous friends to work through, upon whom it now depends, but also for their successors, generations to come. The cause of the protection of animals has then something more than a chance support. Success, we say, to every attempt to give our Societies buildings of their own!

## Overloading.

At all times there is much abuse from overloading; but in the winter season, in our climate, it is most frequent because of the frequent and sometimes sudden changes in the condition of our roads. A load which to-day is moderate may be, by reason of snow, or ice, or rain, to-morrow cruelly too much. And yet it is a matter of daily observation that the horse and the ox are required to draw the same load as if the conditions were unchanged!

Will not owners, and all drivers, whether owners or not, stop and consider alike their own interests and the rights of their faithful servants? Please have a thought and a conscience in this behalf!

## Publications of Foreign Societies.

Have been received at our office, which we gladly acknowledge. We hope to make mention of them hereafter from month to month, as received. We acknowledge to some neglect in this duty in the past.—

"L'Ami des Animaux,"—the Friend of Animals,—an illustrated monthly journal, published under the auspices of the Geneva Animal-Protective Society.

"Deutsche Thierschutz-Zeitung,"—"Ibis,"

The German Animal Protective Paper. "Ibis," chief organ of the Animal-Protective Society of Berlin.



*Mr. Delano A. Goddard.*

It pains us to record the death of this true gentleman, after a very short sickness, at the age of fifty years. He was for many years the editor of the Boston "Advertiser," and in that capacity had the opportunity to help many good causes. He always had the purpose to do this, and we doubt if the friends of any one of them looked to him in vain. It is simple justice to acknowledge here that our Society was never turned away by him. We do not know of any of its special works that he did not favorably, considerably and forcibly support and stand by to the end. An illustration of this occurred when the Society asked the Legislature for a law to suppress pigeon-shooting. At once it found a strong ally in the "Advertiser," and it was Mr. Goddard's strong support, then and afterwards, which made its passage sure.

He was a man of singular disinterestedness, tenderness and reserve; but behind were convictions of duty which governed his actions almost as immutably as a law of nature.

The poor, the neglected, the defenceless always found a ready ear and a helping hand to the extent of his resources. Wotton's lines fitly describe him:—

"Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill."

"Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than gifts to lend,  
And walks with man from day to day,  
As with a brother and a friend."

Into Mr. Goddard's larger relations as the editor of Boston's leading daily journal, we do not enter here; but with aims in life so noble and unselfish, a judgment so calm, a temper so sweet, a courage so undaunted; with a knowledge of American history and politics so full, and with so general an acquaintance with our public men, his loss is a public calamity.

*Mrs. Sophia Towne Darrah.*

Mrs. Sophia Towne Darrah, who died the 24th of December, left by verbal request "such of her pictures, sketches, and studies as her husband should think best," to be sold for the benefit of the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." This sale will be held about the middle of February at Williams & Everett's.

From a life-long friend we have obtained the following sketch of her life:

The late Mrs. Sophia Towne Darrah, whose work as an artist will soon be placed before the public, and disposed of for the benefit of our Society in accordance with her last wishes, was a person of such rare endowments of talents and character as make her loss irreparable, not only to her many warm friends, but to the artistic world. Mrs. Darrah was the daughter of the late John Towne, of Philadelphia, and sister of John Henry Towne, whose munificent bequest to the University of Pennsylvania some six years ago endowed the "Towne Scientific School" of that institution.

Her attention was early directed to art by the fine collection of paintings—mostly modern—owned by her father, and even as a school-girl she gave evidences in her early efforts of talent and promise. At first, however, she devoted herself to the sister art of music, for which she had great gifts, and of which she was passionately

fond. She became a proficient both on the piano and harp, and her early friends cannot fail to recall her graceful appearance as seated at the latter instrument she sang in her sweet contralto voice those fine old Scotch ballads which never fail to please both the learned and unlearned in music.

Soon after her marriage with Mr. Robert K. Darrah of this city, in 1845, she began to direct her attention more exclusively to painting, and in 1849 became a pupil of the artist Paul Weber. From this time she confined herself almost entirely to landscape and sea-view painting. Her style changed greatly as she advanced in art, especially after visiting Europe, and she grew bolder, broader, freer in her work. Ever disdaining mere prettiness, she struck to the heart of what she saw and wished to reproduce, laying aside all that was trivial. She worked mostly in the open air, often not even retouching what had been done directly in the presence of nature, lest something should be lost of the freshness and truth which she valued above all.

This art work became of ever increasing interest to her, and her enthusiastic devotion to it constituted one of the greatest joys of her happy life.

Though suffering much during her last illness her busy hand did not quite lay aside the pencil till within a few weeks of the end.

Of her lovely and attractive personal character let a friend speak. He says: "She was one of those rare souls whose poise was so even, whose generosity, so untinged with any thought of self, of such limpid sincerity and such steadfast interest in the best things that she brought gladness with her and left peace behind."

Add to this beautiful picture the peculiar tenderness which Mrs. Darrah always felt for all God's dumb creatures, and her ready sympathy for their sufferings, to which her last bequest testifies, and we have a character rounded out to full perfection by this last touching trait.

#### *The Card "Waiting for Master."*

Eighty thousand have been already circulated, and the demand continues from the cities and towns of our State in behalf of the children of the public schools. One hundred thousand copies more have been ordered and will be ready for delivery before this paragraph meets the eyes of our readers. Friends in towns not yet supplied will please see their school committee on the subject. Don't let a school district, however remote, be overlooked. Perhaps it is there, quite as much as any where, that such silent pleaders for kindness are most needed.

A city teacher says: "I have long felt the need of something of this kind."

Worcester County: "Our committee are much pleased to co-operate with you, and will distribute in our schools as many cards as you may be pleased to forward to us. The offer of Mrs. Appleton is both disinterested and generous."

Middlesex County: "Thanks for the specimens of cards. The plan is most excellent and praiseworthy."

Norfolk County: "I think the card attractive in itself, and with the expressive lines on the reverse, will serve a useful purpose in cultivating an attachment for the horse, and opening the way for love to all animals."

Worcester County: "I appreciate the noble generosity by which you are enabled to make your kind offer. The distribution of the cards cannot fail to have a beneficent effect upon the rising generation." "Your kind offer is received. I thank you for the same. Please send us two hundred, if that is not asking too much."

Suffolk County: "Many thanks to your Society from the teachers for their kind offer."

"Our teachers are much pleased with the liberal offer, and will make the cards useful in the direction you wish."

"I shall use these cards with much pleasure. I feel a deep interest in the success of your work."

Worcester County: "These cards will do a work of mercy for those who need such efforts, and also need in all ways the efforts of all good and true men to ameliorate their condition in this life, whatever compensations we may, to our surprise, find in store for them in the life to come."

We could fill a page of our paper with testimonials as emphatic and encouraging.

#### *The Connecticut Humane Society*

Will hold its first anniversary meeting on Tuesday afternoon and evening January 24, in the city of Hartford. President Angell, we know, intends to accept the invitation of the Society and be present. May the occasion give new heart and hope to the faithful workers in Connecticut.

#### *The New Hampshire Society*

Has recently appointed its President Marvin to act as a general agent, while serving also still as President. He is doing brave service. One of his cases is worth telling. "As State Agent he was last week called to Sullivan county to investigate a very strange cruelty. A man last winter exposed several head of cattle night and day in the open air, without even a shed. This winter he is doing the same when he has a barn. Mr. Marvin started from the hotel in Newport over a rough road and found the informant far over the mountain. They two rode to the home of the cruel man, and found there in the evening (with the wind blowing and the mercury six degrees below zero) two yearlings huddled beside the barn. Mr. Marvin directed the owner to house and feed them and the next day the man was brought to trial for last and this winter's cruelty and fined \$50 and costs."

#### *Keene, New Hampshire.*

We acknowledge with pleasure the receipt of several large posters from the Keene Society, containing the new law of New Hampshire against cruelty to animals, besides extracts from other humane laws in regard to children and kindred topics. Invitation is given to all who may know of the violation of the statutes to inform the Keene Humane Society. The hand bill is headed "Take Good Care of the Animals!" May God speed the Keene Society in this movement!

#### *A Gift.*

Our Society was kindly remembered by A. A. Marcus, Esq., of this city, in the distribution of a Memorial Garfield fund which had been contributed by himself, his own family and the well known Jewish philanthropist, Baron Montefiore, of London.

Our heartiest thanks have been returned for this welcome remembrance.

## Children's Department.

## Little Lamb.

Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life and made thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,—  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright?  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice;  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
He is called by thy name,  
For He calls Himself a lamb.  
He is meek, and He is mild;  
He became a little child.  
I a child, and thou a lamb,  
We are called by His name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

William Blake.

## A Music-Loving Squirrel.

You told us once that hunters of seals sometimes manage to draw close to their game by whistling tunes to engage their attention. And now I have just read about a sportsman who, one day, in the woods, sat very still, and began to whistle an air to a red squirrel on a near tree.

"In a twinkling," says he, "the little fellow sat up, leaned his head to one side, and listened. A moment after he had scrambled down the trunk, and when within a few yards he sat up and listened again. Pretty soon he jumped upon the pile of rails on which I was, came within four feet of me, sat up, made an umbrella of his bushy tail, and looked straight at me, his little eyes beaming with pleasure. Then I changed the tune, and chut! away he skipped. But before long he came back to his seat on the rails, and, as I watched him, it actually seemed as if he were trying to pucker up his mouth to whistle. I changed the tune again, but this time he looked so funny as he scampered off that I burst out laughing, and he came back no more."

Now that man had much more enjoyment out of his music-loving squirrel than if he had shot him; and perhaps after this you will hear the boys of your neighborhood piling up rails to sit on, and whistling to the squirrels who come to talk with you. And if they don't whistle well enough, send for me, for I can whistle nicely, if I am a girl.—*St. Ni holas.*

## A Vesper-Bell of Nature.

Not so very long ago, we talked about the campanero or bell-bird of South America, and now here is news concerning a useful little cousin of his in Australia. He is not much larger than a snow-bunting, but he has a pleasant note, not unlike the sound of a distant sheep-bell. About sunset the bell-birds begin their tinkling, and for a while the whole forest echoes with the silvery tones,—a sort of Angelus or vesper-bell of nature in the wild bush, hushing the woods for evening prayer.

Besides their musical sweetness these notes are a sure sign that water is near, and the weary traveler in that thirsty land is glad enough to hear the bell-bird calling to rest and refreshment after a hot day's tramp.—*St. Nicholas.*

## Manliness.

It is related of the great English premier, Benjamin Disraeli, that years ago he acquired a fondness for an exceedingly ugly little cur, and upon being ridiculed by a friend with the suggestion that it was strange he could endure the unlovely object, he replied, "I befriended the pup because no one else will. If he was handsome and had other friends he would not need me."—*Illinois Human Journal.*

## A Sparrow's Faith and Trust.

The railroad station was not intended as a lodging-house, yet it has a regular lodger every night. This little lodger is an English sparrow. Opposite the large lamp at the corner of the building, up in the outer corner of the awning, on the inside, is a round hole an inch and a half or two inches across, partially through the board, put there for no one knows what. Into this hole each and every night may be seen this sparrow, snuggled closely away, protected on all sides from the cold winds, safe from cold and harm, and apparently sleeping. The numerous trains that come and go, the crowds of people that gather at the depot with every train, the scream of the whistles, the ringing of the engine bells, the rattle of the wheels over the rails—none of them disturb him in the least. The glare of that lamp full into his resting-place, or the gaze of curious eyes all the night until midnight, cause no sign of perturbation in his peaceful little breast. He may be watched steadily for hours, and he won't wink. He knows he is safe there, and he attends to his own business strictly, letting the outside world look out for itself. In the daytime he is away, getting his living, but one among hundreds of sparrows hopping about and picking up whatever they may find, but at night he perches himself in his resting-place, as if there was not another sparrow in the world, and ere he falls asleep looks calmly down upon the scene below, perhaps with a measure of contempt for the rush and bustle and cares of humanity. He did have a nest there, but when the awning was painted the ruthless hand of improvement destroyed the nest. However, his love of locality is strong, and he sticks to his old home, putting up with less comfortable accommodations for the sake of remaining there.—*Proc. Journal.*

A TOUCHING story comes from Eyemouth, England: Mr. William Nisbet, the skipper of one of the ill-fated fishing boats, had a parrot which, under his tuition, had become remarkably proficient in the use of language. Nisbet was fond of his bird. Ever since the storm of Friday fortnight, the parrot has been depressed and silent, as though it was conscious of its loss. The other day, however, and throughout the day, it found and maintained its voice, repeating mournfully, and with pathetic iteration, "Euphy, Willie's awa' noo—Willie's awa' noo!" "Euphy" (Euphemia) is the name of Nisbet's wife.—*Christian Life.*

## A Fable.

A crow sat on a bough, with a fine piece of cheese in her mouth, the scent of which soon brought the fox to the spot. He tried all the kind words he knew to persuade her to give him a morsel of the cheese, but in vain. At last he began to praise her plumage, which was very smooth and glossy, and as black as jet. When he saw that she was tickled with this flattery, he added, "The bird of paradise, who calls herself queen of the birds, is not so beautiful as you are. Ah! how sorry I am that you do not sing." At these words the crow became so proud that she thought she could sing as well as the nightingale. She opened her beak, and down tumbled the cheese, which the fox snapped up and carried off to his hole.—*Esop.*

## Bismarck.

"Where is my dog?" was Bismarck's first exclamation, when on a recent visit to Vienna, he alighted from the railway train. Never did a man cherish a fonder affection for the brute creation than this king-maker and world-mover. He watched by the side of his dying "Sultan" as he might have done over a favorite child, and begged to be left alone with him in the final hour. When the faithful old friend gasped his last breath, Bismarck, with tears in his eyes, turned to his son and said, "Our German forefathers had a kind belief that, after death, they would meet again, in the celestial hunting-grounds, all the good dogs that had been their faithful companions in life. I wish I could believe that!"

## Scrooge.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with glassy looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle, no children asked him what it was o'clock, no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him, and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts, and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"—*Dickens.*

## "Bob."

"I had a desire to tame a robin. . . . I had my eye on a nest of young birds, and when nearly fledged quietly took one and caged him. . . . He became so tame as to be let out, and would fly off into the fields among other birds, but always came to his cage at night. He knew and distinguished me from others of the family, one of whom accidentally trod on his leg and broke it; but my mother bound it up with splinters and it healed. Late in the fall I was requested by a neighbor, who lived three-fourths of a mile distant, to stop a few days with his family while he was absent. One morning I went out after breakfast, and as I stepped into the yard a robin came flying from the fence on which he had been perched and lit at once on my shoulder, fluttering and manifesting the greatest delight. It was my robin. But how did he find me across the pasture which I had travelled from my father's house? I took him home at once."—*Rev. MARK TRAFTON, D.D., Scenes In My Life.*

## The Humanity of a Saint.

This incident occurs in the account which is given of the transactions of the saint's dying day. He had been to see and to bless the provision of his monks, from whom he was on that day to be taken away. On his return to the monastery he sat down on the way to rest him. His old white horse, which used to carry the milk vessels between the monastery and the fold, observed him, came where he was, reined his head on his breast, and, as if sensible of his master's near departure, began to express his grief by groans and even tears. Dermot (an attendant) offered to turn him away; but the saint forbade. "Let him alone," said he, "let him alone, for he loves me, and I will not hinder him, on this occasion, to drop his tears in my bosom, and show the bitterness of his grief. To thee God hath given reason, but see (that they be not despised), He hath planted affection even in brutes; and, in this one, even something like a prescience of my departure. Now, my faithful and affectionate friend, be gone, and may you be kindly cared for by Him who made you."—*Smith's Life of St. Columba.*

## A Large Bee Farm.

Near the village of Beeton, Canada, Mr. D. A. Jones has probably the most extensive bee farm in the world. He has four bee yards, each covering an acre of ground. Last year he secured seventy-five thousand pounds of honey from his nineteen million little workers. The hives, of which he has six hundred and twenty, are pine boxes, fifteen by eighteen inches in size. His bees gather their honey from white clover, basswood, and Canada thistles. He had about ten thousand pounds made from the latter the past year.—*Christian Register.*

## Life.

Forenoon, and afternoon, and night!

Forenoon,

And afternoon, and night! Forenoon, and what!

The empty song repeats itself. No more? Yes, that is Life: make this forenoon sublime, This afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer, And Time is conquered, and thy crown is won.

E. R. Sill.



*The Fox Hound.*

It is impossible to enter upon a description of the foxhound without considerable diffidence. Whether we consider the enthusiastic admiration it excites amongst sportsmen, the undeviating perseverance and high courage of the animal, its perfect symmetry, and the music of its tongue, which warms the heart and gives life and spirit to man and horse, it must be difficult to do justice to his merits.

It is well known to those who have lived near a kennel, that every morning at the first gleam of light the hounds invariably salute the glorious return of day, by joining simultaneously in a full chorus of voices, 'a musical discord,' called by huntsmen "their morning hymn." This concert does not consist of barking and yapping, as many may suppose, but something like the "Hullah system," yet far more sonorous to a sportsman's ear.

In order to account for the power of endurance which foxhounds are known to possess, it should be mentioned that their strength is very great. A well-bred hound has been known to measure as much round the arm of the fore-leg as a moderate-sized horse does below the knee. I was assured of this fact by a well-known huntsman, and it may serve in some measure to account for the following instance of undeviating perseverance in a foxhound, related by Mr. Daniel in his Supplement to his "Rural Sports."

The circumstance took place in the year 1808, in the counties of Inverness and Perth, and perhaps surpasses any length of pursuit known in the annals of hunting. On the 8th of June in



ENGRAVED BY S. S. KILBURN.

THE NEW WHIP.

C. B. BARBER.

*Dogs in German Regiments.*

Dogs are tolerated in German regiments, though they are usually the property of officers, who are naturally responsible for their good behavior. At least one German regiment, moreover, belonging to the First or East Prussian Army Corps, used during the war of 1870-71, to be preceded, whenever the band accompanied it, by a dog of solemn and shaggy appearance, who dragged the big drum after him. This strange animal, however, had not been recruited in the ordinary manner; and at that time he already seemed to have seen enough service to entitle him to honorable retirement. He had begun his military career in the service of Austria, where the big drum was in his time harnessed to a moderately-sized dog in every military band; and he was captured by the East Prussian regiment at the battle of Sadowa. Perhaps because dogs form no recognized part of the Prussian military forces he had never been exchanged; though it is difficult to understand on what principle he could have been compelled, after the cessation of hostilities, to remain in the ranks of the enemy. This dog, in any case, marched with the troops of General Manteuffel from the east of Prussia to the west coast of France; and if he is now dead he has in all probability had a monument erected to his memory.—*St. James's Gazette*, by *Littell*.

*A Recommendation.*

"The book is good, and lovely, and true, having the best description of a noble child in it that I ever read; and nearly the best description of the next best thing—a noble dog."—*John Ruskin*.

"HISTORIES are more full of examples of the fidelity of dogs than of friends."—*Pope*.

A "Whip," as our readers know, in fox-hunting, is a man who follows the hounds, whip in hand, to keep them "up" in the chase, if necessary. In our picture a handsome young boy has put on the old huntsman's dress and taken into his hands the whip, and has become a "new Whip;" but the dogs know him! The whip and coat now have no terrors for them.

The hounds have found in Mr. Barber a faithful painter. The picture is one of Osgood & Co's heliotypes, and well worthy of a place in any collection of animal paintings.

*Dogs as Soldiers.*

In England we have regiments which are accompanied by various animals—in one case by a goat, in another by a deer. It is hard to understand what harm can be done by keeping these favorites, who eat but little, who can scarcely be supposed to distract the attention of the soldier from serious duties, and who afford him a certain amount of innocent amusement when his labors are at an end. There was a time when the services of dogs were turned to effective account in battle. They were used before the action to track the enemy, and at the moment of engagement were suddenly let loose in whole packs to spring at the necks of the leading men. To "let slip the dogs of war" was far from being a mere figure of speech. At the Capitol of Rome a garrison of dogs was kept as well as the famous one of geese. But here they did not acquit themselves of their sentry duty in so creditable a manner as the too notorious geese, and at the time of

*The Fox Hound—Continued.*

that year, a fox and hound were seen near Dunkeld in Perthshire, on the high road, proceeding at a slow trotting pace. The dog was about fifty yards behind the fox, and each was so fatigued as not to gain on the other. A countryman very easily caught the fox, and both it and the dog were taken to a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood, where the fox died. It was afterwards ascertained that the hound belonged to the Duke of Gordon, and that the fox was started on the morning of the 4th of June, on the top of those hills called Monaliadh, which separate Badenoch from Fort Augustus. From this it appeared that the chase lasted four days, and that the distance traversed from the place where the fox was unkenelled to the spot where it was caught, without making any allowances for doubles, crosses, &c., and as the crow flies, exceeded seventy miles.

But whatever you do, never turn out a bag-fox; it is injurious to your hounds, and makes them wild and unsteady: besides, nothing is more despicable, or held in greater contempt by real sportsmen, than the practice of hunting bag-foxes. It encourages a set of rascals to steal from other hunts; therefore keep in mind, that if there were no receivers there would be no thieves. What chiefly contributes to make fox-hunting so very far superior to other sports is the wildness of the animal you hunt, and the difficulty in catching him. It is rather extraordinary, but nevertheless a well-known fact, that a pack of hounds, which are in sport and blood, will not eat a bag-fox.—*Jesse's Anecdotes of Dogs*

the invasion of the Gauls slept at their posts. The Romans also formed dogs into bodies for purposes of attack, and one commander used to place them as sentinels outside his camp. Ever since then the dog has, in different quarters of the world, taken part in military affairs. But as a warrior he has now "had his day."—*St. James's Gazette*, by *Littell*.

*Dogs on Canvas and in Opera.*

The subject of regimental dogs has employed the talents both of a painter and of a librettist. Horace Vernet painted in 1819 a picture for the Duke de Berry, in which a noble but unfortunate dog, wounded by a bullet in the head, and with one foot crushed, has succeeded in dragging himself up for assistance to two drummers of the same corps, one of whom at once bathes the animal's wounds while the other, overwhelmed with emotion, lavishes caresses upon the favorite. This work, of which an engraving was made, attained great popularity in France, as well on account of its touching subject as of the masterly style in which it was executed. The opera of "*Le Chien du Régiment*," with music by Romagnesi and words by Carnot, abounds in praises of a dog which, born in Egypt, comes to Europe and joins the French army, following it in its campaigns all over Europe.—*St. James's Gazette*, by *Littell*.

"Let beebes and home-bred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn mill meadow.  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow."

*Wordsworth.*

## Cases Investigated by Office Agents in December.

Whole number of complaints received, 107; viz., Beating, 11; overworking and overloading, 4; overdriving, 4; driving when lame or galled, 23; failing to provide proper food and shelter, 8; driving when diseased, 4; cruelty in transportation, 2; general cruelty, 51.  
Remedied without prosecution, 49; warned, 32; not substantiated, 16; not found, 1; anonymous, 2; prosecuted, 7; convicted, 6; pending, Dec. 1st, 1881.  
Horses taken from work, 24; animals killed, 29.

## Receipts by the Society in December.

## FINES.

From Justices Courts.—Belchertown (2 cases), \$10; Barre, \$15.  
Police Court.—Newton (2 cases), \$15.  
District Courts.—2d Plymouth, \$5; 1st N. Middlesex, \$1.  
Witness fees, \$9.  
Total, \$55.

## By Country Agents, Fourth Quarter, 1881.

Whole number of complaints, 462, viz., Beating, 53; overworking and overloading, 58; overdriving, 40; working when lame or galled, 100; not providing food or shelter, 35; abandoning, 47; torturing, 18; driving when diseased, 33; general cruelty, 77.  
Remedied without prosecution, 379; not substantiated, 51; prosecuted, 32; convicted, 21; pending, 3.  
Animals taken from work, 33; killed, 55.

## FROM MEMBERS AND DONORS.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Pickering, \$50; Sir Moses Montefiore, Bart., and A. A. Marcus and family, \$5.97.

## TEN DOLLARS EACH.

A. S. F. Mrs. James Tolman, E. and K. Thayer, J. M. Jones, C. W. Jones.

## FIVE DOLLARS EACH.

C. H. Andrews, R. C. Winthrop, Richard T. Parker, Chas. F. Perry, Mrs. Feno Tudor, A. Friend, Miss Mary Woodman, Mrs. C. F. Woodman, E. F. Wright, Chas. F. Shimmitt, W. C. Meade, Geo. L. Randidge, Mrs. James Lawrence, Mrs. G. N. Black, Miss Mary Russell, Geo. G. Hall, Mrs. A. Hollingsworth, Louis Cabot, Mrs. J. S. Fay, Jr., J. F. Sohler, W. V. Hutchings, L. Saltonstall, C. H. Haskett, Mrs. Edgar Harding, L. S. Jacobs.

## THREE DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. J. R. Coolidge, Mrs. Bennett, J. Rogers, Mrs. D. H. Coolidge, Anonymous, H. W. Hall, H. R. Glover.

## TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Mrs. M. Williams, Mrs. C. H. Andrews, Mrs. Fields, L. M. Peabody, W. E. Allen, A. C. Treadwell, H. W. Peabody, Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Longfellow, Mrs. W. H. Dunning, S. J. Brooks. Four anonymous.

## ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. Channing, Mrs. Wardwell, C. Hill, A. G. S. B., R. S., Mrs. C. H. Davis. Eight anonymous.  
Total, \$296.97.

## SUBSCRIBERS.

Mrs. Edwin Keith, \$4.50; L. J. Bond, \$3; W. T. Glidden, \$2.50; estate of Miss H. M. Gale, 63 cents.

## TWO DOLLARS EACH.

Miss F. H. Bryan, M. B. Linton, W. D. Brigham's Sunday School class, Dorchester; estate of W. P. Avis.

## ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Mrs. E. R. Dodge, Mrs. C. F. Berry, W. Bartlett, C. C. Fenlon, Miss L. D. Russell, S. C. Rockwood, Mrs. C. Chadbourn, J. Collamore, W. A. Durant, J. Farrington, Mrs. H. C. D. King, Miss Torrey, Miss L. W. Caldwell.

## FIFTY CENTS EACH.

Miss L. C. Haynes, Mrs. C. H. Stearns, Miss M. Shannon, Capt. J. Klugman, Mrs. C. C. Humphrey, Mrs. S. Hooper, Miss S. Phillips. Total, \$38.13.

Interest, \$420.52. G. T. Angell and A. Firth, for rent, \$51. B. T. Dowe, trustee, \$15. Total, \$386.52.  
Total receipts in December, \$376.62.

## Two Letters: A Contrast.

## NEW YORK CITY.

"Please find inclosed my check for twenty dollars for your Society, a part of which please use for payment of subscriptions of O. D. A. as the inclosed list indicates.

With a God speed *always* for your work,  
Very sincerely yours,"

## STATE OF NEW YORK.

"I received your bill which I decline to pay, as I notified you in 1879 that my husband would not belong to that Society any longer. At first he ordered it, all again my wishes through the per-shwening of others. My opinion is, that every

man should use his own animals just as he pleased they are his property."

## The Birds in Winter.

"How find the myriads that in summer cheer  
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs  
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?  
Earth yields them nought: the imprisoned worm is safe  
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs  
Lie covered close; and the berry-bearing thorns  
That feed the thrush (whatever some suppose)  
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply."

So wrote William Cowper a hundred years ago or more. The same claim to consider the wants of the summer birds who remain with us in our wintry season will always continue. However mother nature may provide for their needs, man may do much, also, to supply their needs, and we cannot doubt was expected to do much by the common Creator of man and birds. Remember, then, the birds. Their keen eyes will quickly see where the crumbs and the bones intended for them are put, and will not forget to come and quickly eat all you may, in reason, provide for them. A bird lover says he had not seen a blue jay for weeks, and on the day he scattered some corn they appeared, and came daily afterwards.

Be assured that he who remembers the needs of the birds will not turn a deaf ear to human sufferers. The thought of and care for both spring from the same divine source. There is yet, however, a reason for special pleading in behalf of the animal world, because our education has not generally included in its teachings man's duties to the lower creatures of God.

## Forming Societies for P. C. A.

He or she who calls into existence living societies does a good work for our cause, but they who maintain societies and inspire them with a generous zeal do a greater work.

There are to-day many societies with only a name to live. Ten or five, nay, one thoroughly devoted member of each might often awaken them to new activity and usefulness. Perhaps this paragraph may meet the eye of such an one! Ah! if it shall lead to new and devoted labor!

Active societies are always in need of more such members, and where no societies exist there is even a greater need of individual service. Everywhere indeed humane effort is required equally for the sake of man and beast.

## First Fruits of Circulating the Picture Card.

One of the assistants of a Boston school sends several compositions of her school-girls on the Dog, which do them much credit. The teacher and the writers have our hearty thanks for the opportunity to see and know of their good work in this regard. A copy of this paper shall be sent to each, so that each may know whom we mean.

As we go to press, the January number of the Fortnightly Review, with Miss Cobbe's answers to the article from the Nineteenth Century, on vivisection, has come to hand. We shall give an account of it in our next.

DOGS' HOME AT HAMBURG.—A home for stray dogs, cats, and horses has been established at Hamburg, containing separate places for dogs suspected of rabies.—*Animal World*.

THE Home for Lost Dogs in Dresden has just been fitted up for the winter. This establishment, which meets a real and pressing need, and is never empty, owes its existence and support to the Dresden Society for the Protection of Animals.—*Androclus*.

## The Ambulance.

This munificent gift of Mr. Ferd. W. Peck, to the Illinois Humane Society, has already been of great service to the owners of several valuable animals. The difficulty heretofore attending the removal of sick or disabled horses has often led to their being killed upon the spot. Through the generosity of Mr. Peck this difficulty is now obviated. The animals themselves will be saved great suffering, for the vehicle is fitted up for their comfort, and they can stand in it supported by a strong swing or lie down if not able even with this assistance to stand. It is frequently called for and highly appreciated.—*Illinois Humane Journal*.

MR. LOUIS LORILLARD, of New York, offers \$500 for the conviction of the person who stole his black French poodle Flora, and he says: What is more, I will expend \$10,000 to send the thief to prison. I am determined to put a stop to this sort of thing. This is the second dog that has been stolen from the stable in a month, and a great many other dogs in the private stables in this part of the city have been taken. The practice is nothing short of an outrage, and it is quite evident that the only thing that will stop it is to send one of the thieves to prison. A dog, like a horse, is hard to set a price upon. No matter how valuable it may be to you, others may not think it worth as much. But in this instance I shall have no difficulty in proving a State prison offense. It will be more than petit larceny, because my coachman has sold more than \$1,000 worth of her puppies.—*Evening Star, Philadelphia*.

Subsequently two men called on Mr. Lorillard and offered to return his dog, if paid. Much as he desired him, he would not give a dollar, and the dog was left without fee or reward. It is hoped that the thieves may yet be found. The course of Mr. Lorillard is the way to make the business of a dog-thief unprofitable.

## Our Dumb Animals.

Published on the first Tuesday of each Month

BY THE

Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

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